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"Knowledge is Power."

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Doct's Corner.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

A child whose infancy was joy,
A little boy of noble mien,
Now tossing gaily many a toy,
Now romping through the garden green,
His parent's blue-eyed little pet,
He tripped one morn, and down he fell;
His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss has power to cure;
Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure
Can heal the bruise and make us sound;
And if there come a bruised heart,
And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
A mother's kiss will make it well.

What matter if the world forget
To praise us for the good we do,
Or, if it never pays the debt
Which to our truthfulness is due!
A mother's sympathy is ours
Wherever on the earth we dwell;
Though gone forever childhood's hours,
The mother's kiss still makes us well.

My mother's hair is grey, and mine
Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full-grown man—but Time
Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm
Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all my life it hath a charm,
My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day,
In sickness, sorrow, and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away
And lift my spirit from the dust;
She tells me that the angels call,
That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart, if such befall,
No mother's kiss will make it well.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I wish father would come home."
The voice that said this had a troubled
tone, and the face that looked up was sad.
"Your father will be very angry," said
an aunt who was sitting in the room with
a book in her hand. The boy raised
himself from the sofa, where he had been
lying in tears for half an hour, and with
a touch of indignation in his voice,
answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father
never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at
the boy half curiously, and let her eyes
fall again upon the book that was in her
hand. The boy laid himself down upon
the sofa again, and hid his face from
sight.

"That's father now?" He started up,
after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as
the sound of a bell reached his ears, and
went to the room door. He stood there
for a little while, and then came slowly
back saying with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps
him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into
trouble," remarked the aunt, who had
only been in the house for a week, and
who was neither very amiable nor very
sympathizing towards children. The
boy's fault had provoked her, and she
considered him a fit subject for punish-
ment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd
like to see me whipped," said the boy, a
little warmly; "but you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe,
that I think a little wholesome discipline
of the kind you speak of would not be out
of place. If you were my child, I am
very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to
be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves
you so well, you must be a very ungrate-
ful or a very inconsiderate boy. His
goodness don't seem to have helped you
much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy,
excited to anger by this unkindness of
speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother
who spoke now, for the first time. In an
under tone she added:—"You are wrong.
Richard is suffering quite enough, and
you are doing him harm rather than
good."

"It's father!" And he went gliding
down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greet-
ing, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his
boy. "But what's the matter, my-son?
You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And
Richard drew his father into the library.
Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding
Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble my son. What
has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears, as
he looked into his father's face. He tried

to answer but his lips quivered. Then
he turned away, and opening the door of
the cabinet, brought out the fragments of
a broken statuette, which had been sent
home only the day before, and set them
on a table before his father, over whose
countenance came instantly a shadow of
regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked
in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How!"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only
once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and
tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, con-
trolling himself, and collecting his dis-
turbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be
helped. Put the broken pieces away.
You have had trouble enough about it, I
can see—and reproof enough for your
thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a
word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" And the boy threw his
arms about his father's neck. "You are
so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard en-
tered the sitting-room with his father.
Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed
faces, but did not see them. She was
puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said,
a little while after Mr. Gordon came in.
It was such an exquisite work of art. It
is hopelessly ruined.

Richard was leaning against his father
when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon
only smiled and drew his arms closely
around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw
upon her sister a look of warning, but it
was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty
boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was
the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon;
"it is one of our rules to get into the
sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard
looked grateful and, it may be, a little
triumphant, for his aunt had borne down
upon him rather too hard for a boy's
patience to endure.